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MURCHÉ'S
DOMESTIC
SCIENCE READERS

BOOK I



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DOMESTIC SCIENCE READERS

BY

VINCENT T. MURCHÉ

AUTHOR OF 'OBJECT LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY SCIENCE,' 'OBJECT
LESSONS FOR INFANTS,' 'SCIENCE READERS'

WITH PREFACE BY

MRS. E. M. BURGWIN

INSTRUCTRESS UNDER THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD;
MEMBER OF THE N.U.T. EXECUTIVE

BOOK I

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1896

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE READERS

ADAPTED TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF
THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

IN THE

CLASS SUBJECT OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY

AS LAID DOWN IN

THE CODE FOR 1896

- BOOK I. { STANDARDS I. AND II.—CODE 1896.
- BOOK II. { Thirty object lessons on materials used for food—*e.g.*, Flour,
Meat, Vegetables, Tea, Coffee, Milk, Fruits, Salt.
- BOOK III. { STANDARD III.—CODE 1896.
- BOOK III. { Chief materials used in clothing and washing—*e.g.*, Silk,
Linen, Wool, Cotton, Fur, Leather, Washing materials.
- BOOK IV. { STANDARD IV.—CODE 1896.
- BOOK IV. { Food: its composition. Clothing and Washing.
Note.—The Chemistry of Food should not form part of a
scheme for Standard IV.
- BOOK V. { STANDARD V.—CODE 1896.
- BOOK V. { Food and beverages: their properties and nutritive value
and functions. The skin and personal cleanliness.
Note.—The Chemistry of Food is dealt with in this book.
- BOOK VI. { STANDARD VI.—CODE 1896.
- BOOK VI. { Food: its preparation and culinary treatment generally.
The dwelling: Warming, Ventilation, Cleaning.
- BOOK VI. { STANDARD VII.
- BOOK VI. { Food: simple dishes. Rules for health. Common ailments,
and their remedies. Management of a sick-room.

PREFACE

THE Author of these books has displayed throughout the hand of the practical teacher—he knows his subject and his pupil, and so has succeeded in introducing the science of Domestic Economy in an attractive form to even young pupils, who are led step by step from ‘the known’ to ‘the unknown.’

The phraseology is childlike, and the subject-matter so well graduated that the pupil is led insensibly on to the more difficult passages.

Teachers often remark how very difficult it is to obtain fluency and correctness in reading from the average pupil, and this often arises from the unsuitability of the book in language and matter.

These books seem to have met this difficulty admirably, for technical names are avoided, the subjects chosen are such as every girl not only should know but really likes, and each fact is impressed by frequent repetition, yet put in such a varied form that the reader is never wearied.

Book II. is a completion of Book I., and follows the requirements of the Code (1896) in a well-chosen

and carefully-graduated form. Every teacher can arrange a list of object lessons to exactly fit in with the reading lesson to follow, and so impress the facts upon the child's mind; and what is very important, the object can be shown side by side with many of the illustrations, all of which are excellent. There is no attempt to cram the child with too many minor details in these early stages; an honest effort is made rather to cultivate the senses, and so, as Herbert Spencer says, 'aim at complete living.'

The knowledge presented to a child should be complete in thought. Quite recently a teacher proudly asked a small boy of six years, 'Jack, what is used to make gunpowder?' and the answer came very readily; but when he was asked, 'What is saltpetre?' he was completely floored. This is defective teaching, and may be avoided if the method adopted throughout this admirable series of books is followed.

The poetry being original, the teacher and pupil will turn to it with a freshness, that cannot be when the same piece has been repeated in many books for many years.

Throughout the books the child's observation is stimulated, and it is taught not to despise, but to admire, the beauties of the 'Common Objects' with which its daily life is surrounded, and this will go a long way to train up our girls to become useful and happy women.

E. M. BURGWIN.

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BOOK I

NORAH'S BIRTHDAY

NORAH'S birthday. Dear, sweet little Norah, the pet of the home, was seven years old at last.

Her two cousins, Nellie and Maggie, and one or two of her little friends, were coming to tea.

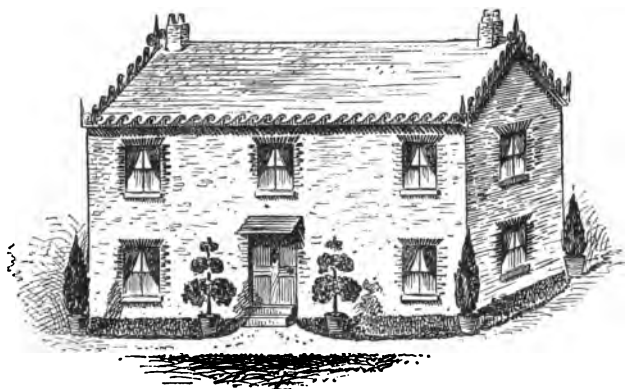
You should have seen her, writing little notes with a pen and ink to each of them.

Of course there were some blots, and the writing was not very grand, but it was all her own, and then, don't forget, she was only a very little girl.

She was very busy, too, for a long while before they came, for she had a large family of dolls.

There was Miss Minx, and Miss Bend-about, and Lucy, and Rosy ; and they all sat on their chairs in the playroom.

Norah, their little mother, had told them they must be very good, and not make a noise ; and there they sat as

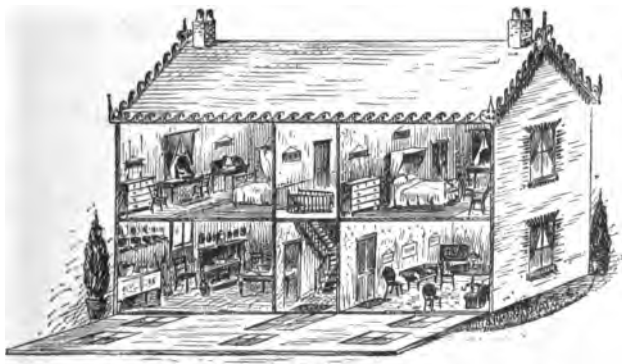


quiet as mice, when the little girls, one by one, came in.

They stared very hard, as if they wanted to speak, every time Norah brought some new friend to see them. But still they seemed to be trying their best to obey mother's wishes. They did not utter a word.

After tea Norah got out her dolls' house—such a beauty, with a bright brass knocker on the door, real glass for windows, and chimneys on the roof.

Miss Bend-about and the other dolls could only sit and look on. They were too big to go into the dolls' house.



Norah had some tiny dolls to live in her house. Three of them, dressed like little ladies, were sitting in the parlour. Two others, the cook and the housemaid, were busy in the kitchen.

One little lady, dressed very fine, came on a visit to the house. She could

not knock at the door herself, so Norah gave a rat-tat for her.

Then Norah took off the little lady's hat, seated all four of them on chairs round the table in the parlour, and made believe they were taking tea.

Then of course, after their little visitor had gone, bed-time came, and the dolls had to be undressed, and put to bed in the pretty bedroom upstairs.

You may be sure this pleased the little girls very much ; even Miss Minx and Miss Bend-about, and the other big dolls seemed to share in the fun.

THE DOLLS' TEA-PARTY

'Suppose we invite Miss Minx, Miss Bend-about, and Lucy and Rosy to a tea-party now,' said Norah.

Of course all her little friends were pleased to join in the fun, for Norah had a pretty set of tea-things which Aunt

Jane had given her. It was a great treat to have them out.

There was a cup and saucer and plate for each of the dolls, and a little spoon in each saucer.

Norah was to serve tea, so she took



her place at the tea-tray. Her little friends were kind enough to say that they would look after the dolls; and they seated them round the table.

They had some trouble with Lucy, for it was her sad lot to suffer from stiff

joints, and it was not an easy matter to make her sit in proper style at the table. However, they got over the trouble at last, and all four dolls sat in their places, looking as if they were ready to begin.

I forgot to tell you, though, about the tea in the pretty tea-pot. They had real tea. Mother had given her some tea from the tea-caddy, and you ought to have seen the little woman make it.

Of course they had real bread and butter too, and real cake, and lumps of real sugar in the sugar-basin, and real milk in the cream-jug.

The four dolls looked very pleased. There they sat in their places, a little stiff perhaps, but without making the least noise.

It might have been better if they had opened their mouths a little, just to say what they thought of it all.

However, the tea passed off very well, and the dolls pleased every one. They did not eat too much cake to make

themselves ill, and they did not spill the tea on the table-cloth, as some careless children do.

MY DOLLS

Come and see my darling dollies ;

There they sit, and aren't they good ?
This is Lucy, this my Rosy,
Here's Miss Minx in cloak and hood.

Here's Miss Bend-about, my best doll,
See her blue eyes bright and clear,
Lovely cheeks, all pink and white, Nell,
Isn't she a pretty dear ?

Oh, their clothes, dear? Yes, I made them ;
Mother helped me though a bit ;
I'm afraid, without her help, Nell,
Dolly's clothes would never fit.

They are really dear good children ;
Never give their mother pain,
Never tear their clothes with romping,
Never spoil them in the rain.

Yet I had a sad, sad trouble,
Once with Rosy, long ago—

Lost my darling, one whole morning,
Hunted for her high and low.


Till at last, with heart near breaking,
There I found my pretty dear,
Underneath the garden seat, Nell,
Naughty Rover sitting near.

Yes, that cruel dog had done it,
There she was, torn limb from limb ;
Mother dear picked up the pieces,
While she soundly scolded him.

Then we filled her with fresh saw-dust,
Patched together what was torn.
But my darling still shows traces
Of the trouble she has borne.

NORAH'S FIRST LOAF

‘Please, mother,’ said Norah, ‘may I
try and make a little loaf of bread for
myself to-day, and bake it in the oven?
I have seen you make the bread many a
time.



‘Maggie and Nellie want to help me. It would be great fun to have a little loaf of our own for tea.’

Norah's mother was very pleased to see that her little girl was learning to



be useful, and she at once told the children they might try.

‘You must first tell me all the things you will want for your loaf,’ she added ; ‘then, while you go and wash your hands, I will get everything ready.’

‘Well, let me think,’ said Norah.

'We shall want some flour, salt, and yeast, and a jug of warm water.'

'Then,' said Maggie, 'we must have the wooden spoon, and the large pan to mix the bread in.'

Soon all was ready, and our little women began the work. Mother sat by with her sewing to watch them.

Norah put the flour in the pan, taking care not to spill it about to make a mess. Then she sprinkled a little salt on it, to make the bread taste nice.

'Please, Nellie,' she next said, 'will you stir the flour up to mix the salt well with it, while I get the yeast ready?'

Norah held up the piece of yeast, and the girls had a good look at it. It looked like a piece of dry brown cake, and when she put it to her nose it smelt sour.

She put the yeast in a basin, with some warm water, just as she had seen mother do. Then she stirred it with a spoon, till it was like a thin paste.

'Teacher says it is the yeast that

makes the bread light,' said Nellie. 'If we did not mix yeast with the flour, the bread would be close like a pudding; but light bread is full of holes.'

She next made a big hole in the middle of the flour, and poured the yeast in; and then she started to mix it all up. You should have seen her with her hands in the flour and yeast, mixing and kneading them up. She looked quite a little mother. As she kneaded, she kept adding a little warm water from time to time, till it made a thick batter.

Then she set the pan near the fire, and spread a clean cloth over it. The first part of her work was done.

NORAH BAKES HER LOAF

After leaving the pan in front of the fire, the girls set to work to get the oven ready for baking. Just as they were tired of waiting, mother said, 'I think you may now go and look at the pan.'

When they lifted the cloth they all screamed out with delight.

‘Yes,’ said mother, ‘I thought you would be pleased. The yeast has made your dough rise well. There is much more now than there was at first.



‘There is enough dough here to make a little loaf for each of you. What kind of a loaf would you like, Norah?’

‘I should like to have a pretty cottage loaf, please, mother,’ said Norah.

‘Very well,’ said her mother, ‘then take this piece of dough, and work it up on the board, to make the bottom of the loaf. Now put this piece on it. That’ll make the top of the loaf.’

‘Now make a little hole in the top, with your finger, like this.’ Mother showed her how to do it, and told her that the hole is made to let out the steam, while the loaf is baking.

‘Now, Maggie, what is yours to be?’ she next asked.

‘I should like a tin loaf, please,’ said Maggie.

‘Well, you shall have a tin loaf,’ said mother, and she took down one of the tins from the shelf.

She first warmed the tin in front of the fire, and then rubbed a little grease all round the inside of it. Then she put enough dough into the tin to half fill it.

‘You see,’ she added, ‘I do not fill the tin. Can you tell me why?’

‘I suppose,’ replied Maggie, ‘the dough will rise, and fill it, when it is put into the hot oven.’

‘Yes, dear, you are quite right; and now, Nellie, what is your loaf to be?’

‘A brick loaf, please,’ replied Nellie;

and the other piece of dough was quickly made into the proper shape.

The three loaves were then put into the oven. You ought to have seen the three little girls waiting and watching, after they had cleared everything away.

You ought to have seen them, too, when the loaves were turned out of the oven in time for tea.

Transcribe and learn.—Bread is made of flour, yeast, water, and a little salt. Yeast makes the dough rise. We say the bread is light. It is full of holes. Bread is baked in the oven. The hard outside part of the loaf is the crust. The soft inside is called the crumb.

THE BAKE-HOUSE

When father came home Norah was very proud to show him the little loaves, and you may be sure he was proud too.

‘Would you like to see how the baker makes his bread to sell to people in the shop?’ he asked.

‘That we should, indeed,’ replied the three little girls in one breath.

‘Well, we will go and ask Mr. Crusty to show us over his bake-house,’ said father, and away they all went.

When they got inside, the first thing to strike them there was the clean, bright look of everything.

Along one side of the bake-house was



a great wooden box, almost as high as the table.

‘This we call the kneading trough,’ said the baker, ‘because we knead the dough in it. Shall I tell you how we make the bread here?’

‘Oh yes, please do,’ they cried.

‘Well then,’ he began, ‘we first mix some flour, yeast, and water into a thin paste, and leave it in a warm place for about six or eight hours.’

He showed them some of this paste, which was ready for the next baking, and they could see that it had risen up into a light spongy mass.

‘We always call this the sponge,’ he said.

‘When all is ready, we put enough flour into the trough to make as many loaves as we want, and sprinkle a handful of salt on it. Then we mix warm water with the sponge, and pour it into the middle of the flour.

‘We knead it for a long time with our hands, till the whole is well mixed, and then leave it for some hours. This we call setting the sponge.’

‘Oh, I know,’ said Norah. ‘That is to give it time to rise.’

‘Yes, it is,’ replied the baker, ‘and

after a time we knead it again, and then leave it to rise once more.

‘When the dough is quite ready,’ he added, ‘we take it out, cut it up into lumps, and weigh them. Each lump is then made up into a loaf; and they are all put into the oven to bake.’

‘But where is the oven?’ asked Nellie; ‘I cannot see it.’

The baker then opened a little iron door in the wall and showed the children the great oven. ‘It will hold all the loaves we make at one time,’ he said. ‘We call them a batch of bread.’

He showed them, too, a long rod with a kind of flat shovel at the end of it, for putting the loaves in, and taking them out of the oven. This he called a peel.

The children, you may be sure, were very pleased with all they had seen, and they thanked the kind baker very much.

Transcribe and learn.—The baker kneads the dough in the great kneading-trough. He calls this setting the sponge. The yeast makes the dough swell up, or rise. It is then full of holes, like a sponge. He puts the loaves into the oven with a peel.

THE BAKER'S SHOP

A bright little girl and her sister one day
Stood close by the baker's shop-door,
As the man came along with the newly-
made bread,

Steaming hot—such a plentiful store.

‘But where does he get the loaves, Nellie,
my dear?’

Asked sweet little May in surprise.

‘He’s been busy at work since before
break of day,

In the bake-house below,’ Nellie cries.

‘He first sets the sponge, and then
leaves it awhile,

For the yeast has to make the dough
rise ;

Then in the great trough he must knead
it about,

And it soon grows to double its size.

‘Then next he must cut up, and weigh
out the dough,

Every piece for a loaf just enough,

And then he must work up each one
into shape,
Such a boardful of white-looking
stuff!

‘I think it would please you to see him
then take
Each newly-formed loaf on his peel,
And push them all into the oven to bake,
To be ready for next morning’s meal.’

FLOUR—THE MILLER

‘Perhaps you would like to learn
something about this flour, which we
make into bread,’ said father, when they
were back home.

‘Oh yes, we should,’ they all cried.

‘Well, you know that the flour, with
which you made your loaves, is a fine
white powder. If you take some of it
up, it sticks to your hand; and it feels
soft, if you rub it between your fingers.
It is made from these little brown seeds.
Do you know what they are?’

‘They are grains of wheat,’ said Norah.

‘Quite right, dear,’ replied her father.

‘Watch, while I crush up some of the grains with this hammer, and then tell me what you learn,’ he added.



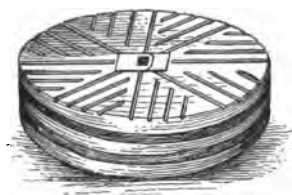
‘Oh, I see,’ cried Norah ; ‘these little hard brown grains have to be broken up, and the soft white powder, which we call flour, comes from the inside.’

‘Yes, dear, that’s just it,’ said her father. ‘But it would never do to have

to crush each one up with a hammer. Would it? It would take too long. They have to be ground up in a mill. The man who does this is called a miller.

‘In the mill there are two great, round, flat stones, which lie one on the other.

‘The top of the under stone, and the



bottom of the upper one are kept very rough; and both the stones are made to move round, and round, and round. But they do not go round the same way.

‘There is a hole through the upper stone, and the grains of wheat are made to fall, a few at a time, through this hole. As the rough stones move round, the grains are rubbed between them, and crushed up into powder.

‘This powder is not white, because the brown outside part of the grain is mixed up with the white inside part. The miller calls it whole-meal flour.

‘To get white flour, he has to dress



the meal. He sifts it through fine sieves. The fine white powder passes through the sieves, but the coarse, brown outside part is left behind. This is bran.

‘All mills are not alike. Some are

called wind-mills, because the wind blows against the sails, and so moves the mill-stones round.

‘Some mills are called water-mills,



because the stones are made to move round by the water rushing against a great wheel outside.

‘Other mills are worked by steam.’

Transcribe and learn.—The miller grinds corn in a mill to make flour. The corn is crushed between the mill-stones. The mill-stones are moved by wind, water, or steam. The whole-meal must be sifted, after it is ground, to get the fine white flour from the bran.

CORN—WHAT IT IS

‘Father,’ said Norah, a day or two after, ‘will you please tell me some more about those grains of wheat, which the miller grinds up to make flour?’

‘Yes, dear, I will,’ said her father, and he showed her an ear of wheat.

‘Take this funny thing, and rub it in your hands. What do you see?’

‘I see a lot of little grains drop out, one by one, as I rub it,’ she said.

‘Quite right,’ said her father; ‘we call this an ear of wheat; all wheat grains come from ears like this.

‘Now look and see what there is left,’ he added.

‘There is a long straight stalk, and a great many little empty shells all round it,’ said Norah. ‘I suppose they held the grains.’

‘Yes,’ said her father, ‘they did. We call them the husks.

‘We always use wheat to make flour

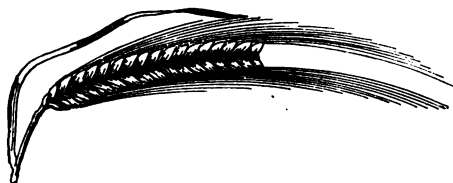


for our bread, but there are many other kinds of grain, besides this one. We have one name—corn—for all of them.'

He showed her some ears of oats and barley, and a great cob of maize; and let her pick out some grains from them.



'Now, I daresay you would like to know what all these ears are,' he added, 'and where they came from.'



'Oh yes, father, please,' said Norah.

'Well then,' he said, 'these ears of corn all grew in the fields. We call a field where corn grows a corn-field.'

'Our country is too cold for maize to

grow ; it grows in warm lands. But wheat, barley, and oats grow here.



‘It is very pleasant to walk through the corn-fields in the summer time. The corn is then ripe, and the ears are yellow, like these on the table.

‘The men then cut the corn down, and tie it in bundles.



A bundle of corn is called a sheaf. The sheaves have to be carted away to the barn, and threshed. That is, the ears are beaten and shaken, till all the grains fall out ; and then the grains themselves are taken to the miller to be ground into flour.'

Transcribe and learn.—Wheat is the best kind of corn. Corn grows in the corn-fields. The corn-grains come from the ears. When the corn is ripe, it turns yellow. Men then reap the corn and tie it up in sheaves.

THE MILLER

The miller looks on with a bright, cheery smile,

At the waggons of rich golden grain.

'They send me their corn in for many a mile,'

Says he, and he laughs out again.

Step in with him now, dear, and see him at work,

Dusted white with the newly-ground meal,

He sings and he whistles from morning till eve,

Keeping time to the clack of the wheel.

The mill-stones roll on with a dull rumbling sound,

You can hear the great wheel in the stream ;

With a click and a clack making music for Jack

Time passes like some pleasant dream.

Yes, mill-stones do their part, the miller does his,

He must dress and prepare the coarse meal,

Attend to the hopper, and look to the stones

As they roll to the splash of the wheel.

And all the day through the work still must go on,

They're as busy as bees in a hive ;

To provide daily bread for the hungry mouths round

See how farmer and miller must strive.

THE CORN-PLANT

Norah was full of delight when father one morning said she might go with him for a trip in the country that day.

She was longing to see some corn growing in the fields. She tried to think how it would look.

Well, away they started, and after a time they found them-selves in the green lanes, with fields on both sides of them.

As they walked along, they came to a gate. Father opened it, and they went into the field.

‘There, my dear,’ he said, ‘you can see some corn growing now, for this is a corn-field.’

‘But do you mean to say that this is corn, father?’ she asked. ‘It looks just like long straight rows of tall grass.’

‘I daresay it does, my child,’ said her father, ‘for corn is really grass, although not the kind of grass you mean.’

‘Do you know what we call all the

things that grow in the ground like this?’

‘Oh yes, father,’ she replied, ‘we call them plants. Teacher says grass is a plant, and the great trees are plants too.’

‘Well, these are the corn-plants. Suppose we pull one up, and look at it,’ he said. ‘What do you call this part of the plant which is in the ground, Norah?’

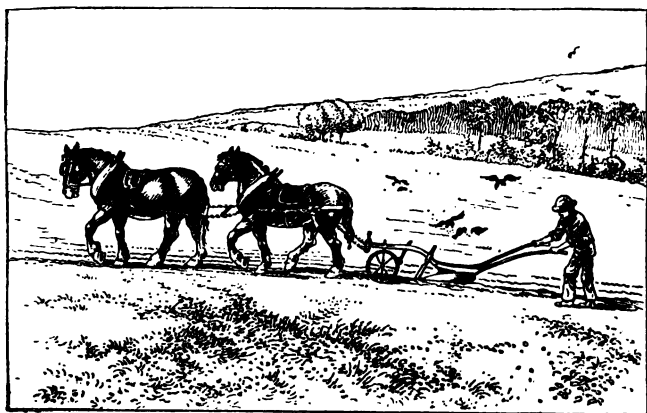
‘That is the root,’ she replied. ‘It spreads down into the ground, and holds the plant firmly in its place. Teacher says the root has to feed the plant with food from the soil.’

‘Very good,’ said her father. ‘Now look at the other parts of the plant, Norah. These long, narrow, pointed leaves we call blades. They are just like blades of grass.’

‘Then there is the part that grows straight up towards the light and air. We call this the stem. If I cut it across
h my knife, you will see that it is

round and hollow. The ears grow at the top of the stem.

‘The ears, like the rest of the plant, are green at first. But the sun shines on them, day by day, and ripens them.



When they are ripe, they turn yellow, just like the ears of corn I showed you.’

‘But how do the corn-plants come up at first, father, in these long straight rows?’ asked Norah.

‘I will tell you all about it,’ said her father. ‘Before winter comes on, the farmer has to plough his field. Then

when the ground is soft and ready to receive the seed, he sows the grains of corn in rows, just as you have seen me sow seeds in the garden.'

'Oh, now I know all about it,' said Norah. 'The grains of corn are the seeds, and they spring up, and grow into corn-plants.'

Transcribe and learn.—The farmer ploughs the fields, and sows the corn. Corn is a sort of grass. It is green at first. In the summer it gets ripe, and turns yellow. One ear grows at the top of each stem. Each grain of corn is in a husk or shell.

THE CORN-FIELD

The corn-field ! see, 'tis early spring ;
How green and fresh the sight !
The tender grasses peeping through
Tell us of promise bright.

And see them grow from week to week,
Fed on by sun and shower,
Blade after blade still bursting forth,
As each plant gains in power.

The corn-field in the summer bright !
No tender weaklings then !

But sturdy plants, with well-formed ears
Filled with rich grain for men.

The waving corn when autumn comes !
Was ever such a sight ?

The ears, once green, but golden now,
Laugh in the sun's glad light.

Then reapers come, and gather in
The precious ripen'd corn.

'Give us this day our daily bread,'
'Tis Father's harvest morn.

MILK

As Norah and her father walked along
they came to the pretty farm-house.

The farmer, himself, when he saw
Norah's father, came out to shake hands
with him.

'I wonder whether your little lady
would like to see over the farm,' said he
with a cheery smile.

Norah's eyes sparkled with delight at
once. 'Oh please, sir,' she said, 'I
should like it so much.'

‘Then you shall, my dear,’ said the kind farmer. ‘Come with me.’

It would take too long to tell you all they saw ; but I think the dairy pleased Norah most of all.

It was a large room, very cool, and oh,



so clean—not a speck of dirt anywhere.

All round the walls there were wide stone shelves, and on the shelves were a great many large flat pans full of milk.

The dairy-maid was there. She saw Norah looked rather tired with her walk,

so she gave her a glass of this rich milk. The little girl thought she had never tasted anything so nice before.

‘Is the dairy always nice and cool like this?’ she asked.

‘Yes, my dear,’ said the farmer. ‘We must always keep the dairy cool, or all our milk would spoil.’

Norah was taken into the farm-house next, and she soon made friends with the farmer’s wife and their little girl Katie.

Late in the afternoon the two little girls were rambling about, picking flowers in the lane near the farm-house. All at once Norah started, for she heard a loud Moo-oo quite close to her.

Looking up, she saw such a number of cows coming along the lane.

The boy was driving them home from the fields for the night. All day long they stay in the fields, and crop the nice green grass, the sweet red clover, and the buttercups and daisies. And then the boy drives them home at night.

Norah felt a little bit afraid of them at first, but Katie told her that the gentle cows would not hurt her.

She watched them all pass through



the wide gate into the yard, and then she began to wonder what was to come next.

She had not long to wait, for soon two milk-maids came along. Each of them carried a large pail in one hand, and a low stool, with three legs, in the other.

They sat on the stools beside the cows, one by one, and began to milk them.

Then Norah saw how large the udder looked. It seemed to be full of milk, which the maids squeezed out into the pails, by pressing the teats in their hands. The cows never moved while it was being done, and as the pails were filled, a man carried them away to the dairy.

Transcribe and learn.—The cow gives us milk. Farmers keep cows in the country. Cows feed on the fresh green grass in the fields. The milk-maid squeezes the milk out of the udder with her hands. Milk is kept in a cool room, called a dairy.

BUTTER

The two children had become such great friends, that when the time came for father to go home, he had to let Norah stay there till the next day. Katie begged so hard.

The next day was churning day at the farm, and after breakfast, the little girls went off, hand in hand, to the dairy.

‘Do you know what we mean by churning day, Norah?’ asked Katie.

‘No,’ said Norah.

‘Very well,’ replied Katie, ‘you shall soon know all about it.’

They stood by, and watched the dairy-maid go round from pan to pan, and skim off the top of the milk with her skimmer.

This is called cream. It is the thickest and richest part of the milk.

When she had skimmed off enough she said, ‘Now, children, come and watch the churning.’

‘You see the churn itself is a sort of barrel, and here is a handle, which I have to turn, to keep it always on the move.’

‘Let us pour some cream into the churn, and begin.’

She put the cream into the churn, and began to turn the handle. As she turned, they could hear the cream dashing and splashing about inside.

‘I wonder what is the use of shaking the cream about in this way,’ said Norah. But the dairy-maid herself could not tell. She only knew that the butter would come by and by. That was all she knew.

Just then the farmer came in, and he heard Norah's words. 'I will tell you, my little dear,' he said.

'The cream is made up of tiny balls of fat or oil. The outside skin of these



little balls is very, very thin. We shake the cream about in the churn to burst the balls, and so set the oil, or fat, free. When this is done, the fat forms into lumps of solid butter, all round the inside of the churn.'

By this time the butter was churned, and the dairy-maid took it out, and placed it on the cold stone table.

First she pressed it with her hands to squeeze out any of the milk that might be left. Then she patted it on the slab till it became quite solid and firm, and



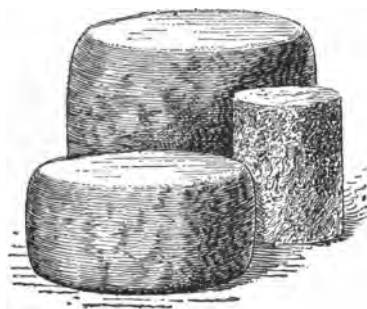
the girls saw that she now had a lump of real yellow butter. A little salt was put with it, to keep it from going bad, and then the butter was ready for market.

Transcribe and learn.—Cream is the richest part of the milk. It rises to the top when milk is left to stand. The maid skims it off with a skimmer. Butter is made from cream in a churn.

CHEESE

‘Perhaps you would like to see the cheese-house next,’ said the kind farmer, and he took them into a large room, with a stone floor, something like the dairy.

‘Come and look at this big tub,’ said Katie. ‘This is where they put the milk



when they want to make it into cheese. It will hold gallons and gallons.’

‘But how do they get firm, solid cheese out of milk?’ asked Norah.

‘I will tell you,’ said the farmer. ‘You know the cow’s young ones are called calves. When we kill a calf we

always save its stomach. Here is a piece of one.

‘It looks, now, dry and stiff, and only like a piece of thick skin ; but if I pour boiling water, on it, I can get a sour



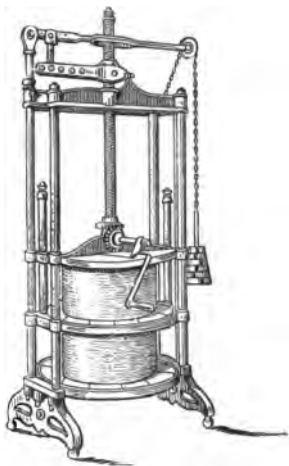
liquid from it. This sour liquid is called rennet.

‘When we want to make cheese, we first warm the milk, and pour it into this big tub. Then we get our rennet, and pour that in with the milk.

‘The rennet makes part of the milk form into white solid lumps, called curds.

The curd is taken out and pressed, and cut up into small pieces, about as big as a walnut. These pieces are sprinkled with salt, and mixed up well together, after which they are put in a vat or mould to be pressed. As the curd is pressed, it takes the shape of the vat. It is now a real cheese.

‘When the cheese is taken out of the vat, it is put into a canvas bag, and placed in a cheese press, where it is kept till all the water has drained out of it.’



The farmer next led the way upstairs to a large, dry, airy room.

‘This is the drying room, where all the cheeses are kept till they are quite dry,’ he said.

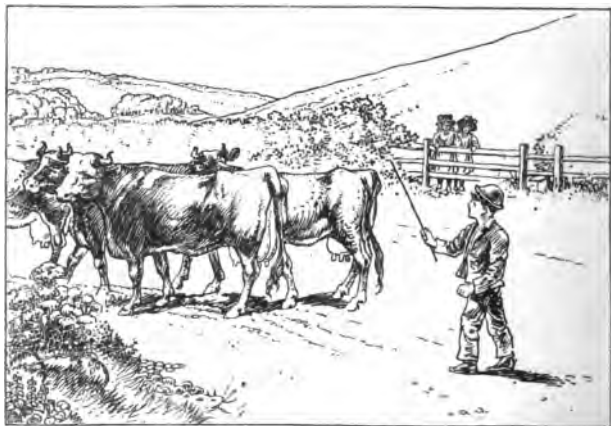
But he had no need to tell Norah what it was. Her nose told her that, as soon as the door was opened ; and when she

looked up, she saw shelves all round the room, with ever so many cheeses on them.

‘The cheeses stand on these shelves for about six months, and are turned every day,’ said the farmer. ‘At the end of that time they are ready for market.’

Transcribe and learn.—Rennet turns milk into white lumps called curds. Curds are pressed hard, and then dried, to make cheese. Rennet is a sour liquid made from the stomach of the calf.

MILKING-TIME



‘Moo, moo,’ cried the cow, ‘Moo-oo-oo-oo!’

With her head stretching over the gate,

‘ It’s time we went home to the farm to
be milked,

Why, why is that boy always late?

‘ We’ve roamed all-day long in the
pleasant green fields,

We’ve cropped the fresh daisies and grass,
But now we’re all weary, we want to go
home,

And Susan is waiting, poor lass.

‘ Yes, Susan is there in the yard with
her pail,

My udder will soon almost burst ;

Moo-oo, lazy boy, come along, Moo-oo-oo,

Don’t loiter, but do your work first.’

Just then up came Joe, and opened the
gate,

And away they all trooped down the lane,

With a moo, now and then, and a whisk
of their tails,

Sed-ate-ly the farm-yard they gain.

There see them all stand in the yard so
content,

As Susan, with stool and with pail,

Takes her seat at their side, presses out
the warm milk,
While they scarcely move even their tail.

A CHAT ABOUT TEA

‘Mother,’ said Norah one afternoon, ‘I am so pleased with what I have learned about bread, and milk, and butter, and cheese, that I wish you would tell me something about the other things we have on the table at meal-time.’

‘I think the strangest of all is the tea which we drink. May we have a chat about tea?’

‘Yes, we will,’ said her mother. ‘Go and bring me the tea-caddy.’

‘Now suppose we begin by making a cup of tea,’ said mother. ‘I have only to put some of this dry tea into the cup, and pour some boiling water on it. Now tell me what you can see, as I do it.’

‘The water in the cup changes colour,’ said Norah. ‘It is getting quite brown. It is this brown water that we drink.’

‘Quite right,’ replied her mother. ‘Now take the cup of tea in your hand. If you put it to your nose, you will find that it has a very pleasant smell, which was not in the water itself.’

‘Now sip a little of it. What do you notice?’

‘It has a nice pleasant taste,’ said Norah, ‘as well as a pleasant smell.’

‘It has,’ said her mother. ‘Now put a little of the dry tea from the tea-caddy in your mouth, and tell me what you notice about that.’

‘It tastes just like the tea in the cup,’ said Norah.

‘Then, of course, it is this dry tea which makes the pleasant drink,’ said her mother. ‘Let us find out what it is.’

‘We will pour all the brown-looking water away, and turn what is left at the bottom into this saucer. Now pick up one of the pieces in your fingers, and tell me what it looks like.’

Norah did so, and then she said,

‘Why, this looks just like a leaf, mother, only it is brown, and not green as other leaves are. Is it really a leaf?’

‘Yes, dear, it is a real leaf,’ said her mother.

‘Ah, now I know what you mean, when you send me to empty the tea-leaves away, after tea is over,’ said Norah. ‘But I could never think what you meant by calling them leaves till now; for the tea which comes from the shop is not at all like leaves.’

ANOTHER CHAT ABOUT TEA

‘Will you tell me something more about tea this afternoon, mother?’ asked Norah.

‘Yes, my darling,’ replied her mother.

‘You know that the tea-leaves which we empty out of the tea-pot, and, of course, the fresh tea which we buy from the grocer, were once green leaves, and grew on plants, just as all other leaves grow.’

•

‘The plant, on which these leaves grow, is a very pretty evergreen. An evergreen, you know, is a plant whose leaves are green all the year round.

‘The tea-plant, besides these bright green leaves, bears pretty white flowers ; but I need not tell you that the flowers, although they are very bright and pretty, are of no use. The leaves are the only useful part of the plant.’



TEA-TREE.



LEAVES AND FLOWERS OF TEA-TREE.

‘Will you take me some day to see one of these pretty tea-plants, mother?’ asked Norah.

‘Ah, my child,’ replied mother, ‘I

cannot take you to see this plant growing. It will not grow in our country. It grows in some warm lands far away across the sea.

‘But perhaps you would like to look at this picture of the plant,’ she added. ‘It shows you the leaves and the pretty flowers, too, growing on a branch.

‘The tea-plant itself is about as big as one of the currant bushes in the garden. Hundreds of them are grown, side by side, in the fields.

‘A field of tea-plants must be a very pretty sight.’

‘But how do the people get the leaves, mother?’ asked Norah.

‘They pick them by hand, one at a time. All through the season they go from plant to plant, picking the young tender leaves, as soon as they burst open.

‘The green leaves, just as they are picked, would be of no use at all. They have to be roasted in pans over a hot fire, and after that rolled up by hand,

while they are still warm. Some day I will tell you how this is done.'

Transcribe and learn.—Tea is the dried leaf of a plant. It grows in warm lands far away across the sea. The leaves are picked green, and then roasted in pans over a fire. We make tea by pouring boiling water on the dry leaves.

A CUP OF COFFEE

'I have been thinking all day, mother, about another nice drink which we often take with our meals,' said Norah.

'Oh, I suppose you mean coffee,' said her mother.

'Yes, mother, I do,' said Norah, 'but I can't think what coffee really is. The coffee which you buy at the grocer's shop is a brown powder, and I know that you make a cup of coffee by pouring boiling water on it.

'But the brown powder itself is a great puzzle to me. When we empty the coffee-pot, we do not find leaves in it, as we do in the tea-pot. So it cannot be made of leaves.

'Will you tell me what it is made of, mother? I want to know very badly.'

‘Yes, my darling, I will,’ replied her mother. ‘I am going out shopping now. You shall go with me, and when we come back we will try and find out what this coffee is.’

So Norah went shopping with her mother; and, on their return, they sat down to have their chat about coffee.



‘Now open that paper packet, and see what there is inside,’ said her mother.

‘Oh, what funny little things,’ said Norah. ‘Where did you get them, mother?’

‘I bought them at the grocer’s shop just now,’ replied her mother. ‘Don’t you know what they are? Take some of them in your hand and smell them.’

Norah did so, and cried out, ‘Why, mother, they smell just like coffee.’

‘Of course they do, my dear,’ replied her mother, laughing at Norah’s surprise. ‘They are coffee. That brown powder, which we put into the coffee-pot, was

made by grinding some of these little things in a mill.'

'Well, they are funny little things,' said Norah again. 'What are they, mother?'


'They are little seeds,' said her mother; 'the seeds of the coffee-tree. This tree bears clusters of small dark-red berries, not unlike our cherry. Two seeds are found in the middle of each berry. Coffee trees do not grow here. It is too cold for them. They grow in hot lands far away. Some day we will have a talk about the coffee-tree.'

Transcribe and learn.—Coffee is a brown powder, made by grinding coffee-beans in a mill. Coffee-beans are the seeds of the coffee-tree. They grow inside the fruit of the tree, as a cherry-stone grows inside a cherry. We make a cup of coffee by pouring boiling water on the brown powder.

A CUP OF COCOA

'Mother, I've got another hard puzzle,' said Norah. 'It is worse than the puzzle about coffee was.'

'What is it now, dear?' asked her mother kindly.



‘We sometimes have cocoa for breakfast, and I like it very much, but I can’t make out what it is.’

‘Why, anybody ought to know that,’ said her little brother Bob, who had just come in from play. ‘Of course, it’s made of the cocoa-nuts that we see in the shops. I like cocoa-nuts.’

‘That’s just where the puzzle comes, Bobby,’ said Norah. ‘I like cocoa-nut too, but I can’t see how the cocoa we have for breakfast can be made from that. It does not taste like it.’

‘Little boys should never be too sure,’ said mother. ‘You are quite wrong, Bobby, and Norah is right. The cocoa, which makes our nice drink, is not made from cocoa-nuts.’

‘Here is some of the dry cocoa powder, which we put into the cup, when we want to make a cup of cocoa.’

‘Now, Norah, as it is a powder, how do you think it was made?’

‘I suppose,’ said Norah, ‘it must have

been made by grinding something up. But what do they grind up, mother?’

‘If you will sit still for a moment, I will go and get some of the things, and show you,’ said her mother.

‘These are the things which are ground up to make our cocoa,’ she said, when she came back. ‘Take them in your hands. These brown beans don’t look much like cocoa-nuts, do they?’

‘No, mother,’ said Norah, ‘they look more like seeds. Are they really seeds?’

‘Yes, dear, they are seeds,’ said her mother. ‘They are the seeds of the cocoa-tree, a tree something like our cherry-tree. We cannot see this tree growing here, because, like the coffee-tree, it can only live in hot lands.’

‘We will have a chat about the tree itself one of these days.’

Transcribe and learn.—Cocoa is a brown powder made by grinding the seeds of the cocoa-tree. This tree is something like a cherry-tree. But it grows only in very hot lands. We make a cup of cocoa by pouring boiling water on the cocoa-powder.

SUGAR

‘What a lot of useful things I have been learning about our break-fast table, mother,’ said Norah. ‘I know now what every-thing is, and where it came from. I am so glad.

‘The bread, butter, and cheese which we eat, and the tea, coffee, cocoa, and milk, which we drink, I know what they all are. And now, what do you think, mother? Teacher has been giving us a lesson about sugar to-day. Shall I try and tell you all about it?’

‘Yes, dear,’ replied her mother. ‘I shall be very pleased to listen to you.’

‘Well, teacher began by giving us a cabbage-leaf, and she told us to squeeze it in our hands,’ said Norah.

‘Of course you got your hands wet,’ said little Bob, who stood by to listen to his sister.

‘Yes, Bobby, I did,’ she replied, ‘for I

squeezed some juice out of the leaf. Teacher says all plants are full of juice of some sort. It is called the sap.

‘She showed us a picture of a great plant called the sugar-cane. It grows in very hot lands a long way off. It has a very tall stem, but no branches; only some big broad leaves up the stem.



‘The sugar-cane, like other plants, is full of sap. This sap gets very sweet, when the canes are full grown. The men then cut them down, and cart them away to a great mill, where they are crushed between heavy iron rollers. That, of course, is to squeeze out the sweet juice.’

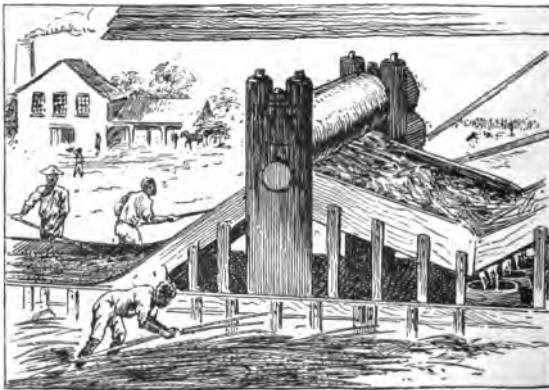
‘But how can they get sugar from juice?’ asked Bob.

‘They boil the juice in large pans,’ replied his sister. ‘The water in the

juice boils away, just as you have seen



SUGAR PLANTATION—HARVEST TIME.



SUGAR MILL.

the water boil away in mother's kettle,
and the sugar is left behind. As it

cools, the sugar forms into little solid grains.

‘You must not forget that this is only raw, brown, or moist sugar. It has to be made into white loaf sugar after that.

‘They put this moist sugar into casks with holes in the bottom, and leave it to drain ; and what do you think it is that drains away from the sugar? It is the treacle, which we eat on our bread.’

Transcribe and learn.—Sugar is made from the sweet juice, or sap of the sugar-cane. The ripe canes are cut down and crushed in a mill to press out the sweet juice. When the juice is boiled, the grains of sugar are left behind. Treacle comes from sugar.

LOAF SUGAR

‘Bobby, would you like me to tell you how this coarse, brown, soft sugar is made into hard, white, loaf sugar?’ asked Norah.

‘I don’t believe you know,’ said master Bob. He was not so old as his sister, and he didn’t like to think that she knew more than he did.

‘Yes I do, though, for we had a lesson

in school to-day,' she said. 'If you are a good boy, I'll tell you all about it.

'Teacher had some thick flannel bags, which she put one inside the other. Flannel, you know, is full of little holes. You can see the holes in this piece of flannel, if you hold it up to the light.

'Well, she poured into the inside bag some dirty, muddy water. In a short time we saw the water trickle through the outside bag, into a basin she held under it. But the water that came through was clear, and not muddy.'

'Of course,' said Bob, 'the water came through the holes in the flannel. But why didn't the mud come through too?'

'Why, don't you see?' said his sister. 'The holes are too small to let the bits of mud through. The water could pass through, but not the mud.

'Now let us think about the coarse sugar. It is first mixed into a syrup with lime and water. This syrup is then poured into bags made of thick

woollen cloth, and left to drip through into a vessel below. You will see now, I think, why the syrup, which drips from the bags, is quite clear.'

'The holes in the bags, I suppose,' said Bob, 'won't let the dirt pass.'

'Yes, Bobby, that's quite right,' said his sister. 'But although the syrup is clear, it is still brown. It is next made to run through a bed of small charcoal, made of burnt bones. All its brown colour goes, as it passes through the charcoal.'

'The clear syrup is then put into large copper pans and boiled, and the rest is easy. The water boils away, and the syrup gets thicker and thicker.'

'When it is thick enough, it is poured out into large moulds to cool, and it comes out of the moulds as a hard, white, sugar-loaf, like those you see in the grocer's shop.'

'There are some holes in the bottom of the moulds, and as the sugar cools,

something drains away from it, through these holes, into a vessel placed under them. What do you think it is? It is that clear bright kind of treacle which we call golden syrup.'

'Thank you, Norah,' said Bob, as he kissed her. 'I am sorry I was rude just now, but I didn't think you knew all that.'

Transcribe and learn.—Hard, white, loaf-sugar is made from soft, brown sugar. The coarse sugar is mixed into a syrup with water. The syrup is then strained and boiled, and poured into sugar-loaf moulds to cool. Golden syrup comes from the sugar-loaf.

NORAH'S FIRST POT OF JAM

There was a holiday at school one day, and although Norah was very fond of her school, she was glad to have this holiday, for mother was going to be busy making jam, and she wanted to make some, too, of her very own.

Norah's aunt, who lived in the country, had sent them a large hamper full of plums, and they were all to be made into plum jam.

So, as soon as the break-fast was over, they began to be busy.

Mother put on a clean white apron, and Norah washed her hands, and then they both sat down at the kitchen table, and wiped the plums one by one, with a clean, soft cloth.

‘You must be very careful, dear,’ said mother, ‘to look at each one, for we must not put any unripe plums into our jam, or it will not keep.’

When the plums had all been sorted and wiped, mother took down a large copper stew-pan for herself, and a little one for Norah.

‘Now, Norah,’ she said, ‘we will first put the plums into the pans, and then we will cover them with plenty of this fine white sugar.’

‘What is the sugar for, mother?’ asked Norah.

‘Well, dear,’ replied mother, ‘the sugar, for one thing, makes the jam sweeter, and it also helps it to keep.

The ripe plums, themselves, contain some sugar, for they are sweet, and of course it is the sugar in them that makes them sweet. But they would soon go bad, if they were left. That is why we make



fruit into jam. We can then have fruit in the winter as well as in the summer.'

By this time the sugar had all melted in the two stew-pans, and the sweet red juice came out of the plums, and boiled in the sugar.

Mother gave Norah a wooden spoon, and took one for herself, and then they kept the boiling jam stirred with them, till it was done. Then the clean white jam-pots had to be dusted, and placed in rows on the kitchen table. At last mother took the pans off the fire, dipped the boiling jam out with a clean cup, and poured it into the pots, one by one.

Norah, of course, placed her pots by themselves, and when they were tied down close, with thick paper over the top, she was so proud of what she had done, that she could hardly wait for father to come home to show him.

Transcribe and learn.—Jam is made by boiling ripe fruit in a syrup of fine white sugar. The sugar keeps the jam. It prevents the jam from going bad.

A CHAT ABOUT FRUITS

Father was indeed very pleased with his little woman and her jam-making. ‘What a clever, useful; little helper she will be, by and by, mother,’ he said.

‘Do you know, Norah,’ he asked, ‘where those plums came from?’

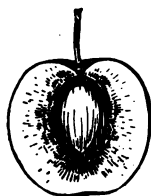
‘Oh yes, father,’ she replied. ‘They



grew on trees. I have seen the plum-trees in Aunt Jane’s garden.’

‘What do you find inside a plum, when you eat one?’ he asked again.

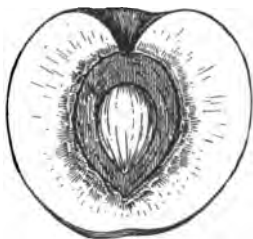
‘There is a stone inside,’ she replied, ‘and in the stone there is a nice kernel.’



‘Do you know what that kernel is?’ father asked. ‘I will tell you. It is the seed of the plum-tree. That hard stone is a strong box or case to hold the seed.’

‘Now I know what I shall do when we have plum-pie,’ said Bob. ‘I shall save all my plum-stones, instead of cracking them, and eating the kernels. Then I’ll put them in the ground and make them grow. I should like to have a lot of plum-trees in the garden.’

‘Well, Bobby, we shall see,’ said his father. ‘But I am afraid your kernels out of the pie wouldn’t grow. You forget they have been cooked in the oven.’



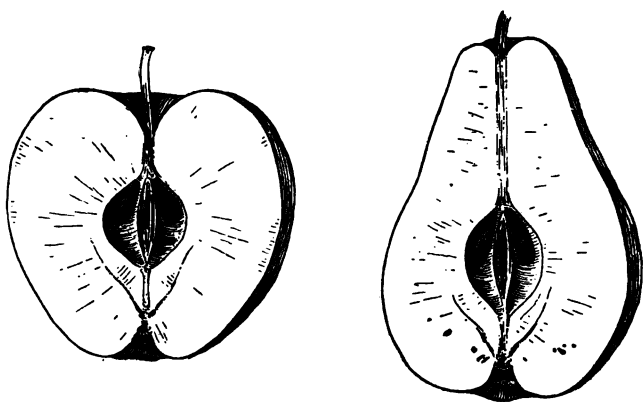
‘Cherries and damsons have stones inside. Haven’t they, father?’ said Norah.

‘Yes, dear,’ said father, ‘and so have peaches and apricots. And now I want you to tell me some other fruits, that grow on big trees.’

‘Apples and pears grow on trees,’ said Norah. ‘Aunt Jane has apple-trees and pear-trees too in her orchard.’

‘Do you find a hard stone in these fruits?’ he asked.

‘No, father, but there are some pips in the middle,’ she said. ‘If you cut an apple or a pear open, you can see the



pips in the hard, stiff case, which we call the core. I suppose those pips are the seeds too, father.’

‘Yes, they are, dear,’ replied father. ‘So there is a chance for master Bob to grow apple-trees, as well as plum-trees.’

‘I wish I was in Aunt Jane’s orchard now,’ said Bob.

‘I daresay you do,’ said father. ‘But I am afraid you would make yourself ill, like many silly little boys do. Apples, pears, and plums are very good ; but you



must not eat too many of them ; and you should not eat them at all, if they are not quite ripe. I don't think I could trust a little boy like you, Bob, in that orchard.'

Transcribe and learn.—Plums are stone-fruit. In the middle of the juicy fruit is a hard stone. Inside the stone is a kernel. The kernel is the seed of the plum-tree. Cherries, damsons, peaches, and apricots are stone-fruit. Apples and pears have a core with pips in them, instead of a stone.

ANOTHER CHAT ABOUT FRUITS

‘Will you please tell us something more about fruits, father?’ asked Norah.

‘I want to learn about currants and gooseberries, and strawberries and blackberries, and ever so many more.’

‘Yes, dear,’ said her father, ‘I will. Suppose we begin with the currants and gooseberries. Can you tell me how these fruits grow?’

‘Currants and gooseberries grow on



low bushes,’ said Norah. ‘They are easier to pick than the apples and plums. You can reach them better.’

‘But I wish the gooseberry bushes did not scratch so. I shall never forget how I tore my hands and arms, when I was down at Aunt Jane’s last summer.’

‘Never mind about the bushes and scratches, dear,’ said her father. ‘I want you to think about the fruits themselves. Do we find a stone in them?’

‘No, father, there is no stone in currants and gooseberries, and there is no hard core with pips in it, such as we find in apples and pears,’ she replied.

‘What is there inside them?’ he asked again.

‘There is only some sweet juice,’ she said. ‘But they are very nice fruits.’

‘Think again,’ he said. ‘Is there really nothing but that juicy pulp inside these fruits?’

‘Oh, I know,’ said Norah. ‘There are some tiny little things in the midst of the sweet pulp. Are they seeds too, father?’

‘Yes, dear, they are. And now I want you to think lastly about some fruit that

grows, not on a tree, not on a bush, but on the ground itself. What is it?’

‘Oh, you mean the strawberry, of course,’ said Norah. ‘Aunt Jane grows straw-berries in her garden. I am so fond of straw-berries. It is such fun to pick them, and eat them as they grow.’

‘She has some rasp-berries too, but they grow on stiff, straight stems. She calls them rasp-berry-canes.’

‘Please, father, I know another kind of fruit,’ said Bob. ‘I mean black-berries. I like to pick the ripe black-berries, as they grow in the hedges.’

‘Quite right,’ said his father. ‘We call all these fruits berries. But it is not a good name for some of them. Strange to say, straw-berries, rasp-berries, and black-berries are not berries at all. Goose-berries and currants are real berries. Some day I will tell you all about it.’

Transcribe and learn.—Berries are juicy fruits, with tiny seeds in the sweet pulp. The goose-berry, currant, and rasp-berry grow on bushes. The straw-berry grows on a plant that creeps on the ground. The black-berry grows on the wild bramble in the hedge.

HONEY

Father had got a week to himself. So they were all to go and spend the time with Aunt Jane in the country.

What a fluster they were in, to be sure. They had been looking forward to this week for ever so long.

Well, at last the day came, and away they all went in the big train. When they got to Aunt Jane's house, they were tired with their long journey ; but she made them some nice tea, and they were soon rested.

There were many nice things on the table for tea, and the children liked them all. But when Aunt Jane spread some honey on their bread and butter, they thought they had never tasted anything so nice before.

As soon as tea was over, Norah made up her mind to find out what that nice stuff was. So she asked her aunt.

‘ Don't you know, dear ? ’ aunt replied.

‘Why, that is honey. The bees make the honey. Oh, but I forgot; we had no bees when you were here last year.

‘Suppose we go out into the garden, and have a look at them,’ she said; and they all trudged after her.

‘There are the bees, Norah,’ said aunty.

‘Where, aunty?’ asked Norah. ‘I can’t see them.’

‘Well, I mean,’ she replied, ‘there are



the houses in which the bees live. We call them bee-hives. The bee itself is something like a fly, only bigger. There is one just going into the hive. Do you

see that little hole near the bottom?
That is the door of the hive.'

'But do you really mean, aunty, that those little things make that nice honey we had for tea?' asked Norah.

'Of course I do, dear,' said her aunt.

'Hundreds and hundreds of bees live together in a hive, and they all work hard to store up the honey. They store it in little boxes, which we call cells.

'They build their own cells. They make them of wax, and this wax they make for themselves too.'

'What clever little things,' said Norah.
'But where do they get the honey to store up, aunty?'

'They get it from the flowers, dear,' said her aunt. 'In the middle of most flowers there is a tiny drop of sweet juice. The bee sucks up this sweet juice with its long tongue; and when it has got enough, it flies away back to the hive to store it in the cells.

'To-morrow you will see them busy

enough,' she added. ' But you are tired now, I am sure ; so we had better go in.'

Transcribe and learn.—Bees make honey. They get it from the flowers. They store the honey in cells in the hive. They build their cells with wax. They make the wax for themselves.

THE BEE

Come and watch this pretty bee, dear,
As it buzzes softly by,
See, it lights upon the flower,
Hush ! or off 'twill quickly fly.

Do you see those gauzy wings, dear,
Fitted for its airy flight ?
You would think them things of beauty
Could you only see aright.

'Tis those wings, too, make the humming,
Which we all so love to hear ;
Hark ! there is another coming,
Can't you hear it over there ?

Oh ! we've lost our pretty bee, dear,
While we turned our heads away ;
No ! he's gone inside the flower ;
Will you tell me why, I pray ?

Pretty bee inside that flower
Now is searching round and round,
Trying hard to find the honey
Which he knows can there be found.

Now he's off to other flowers,
For he still must work and strive.
When he has his load of honey
He will store it in the hive.

THE BUTCHER'S SHOP

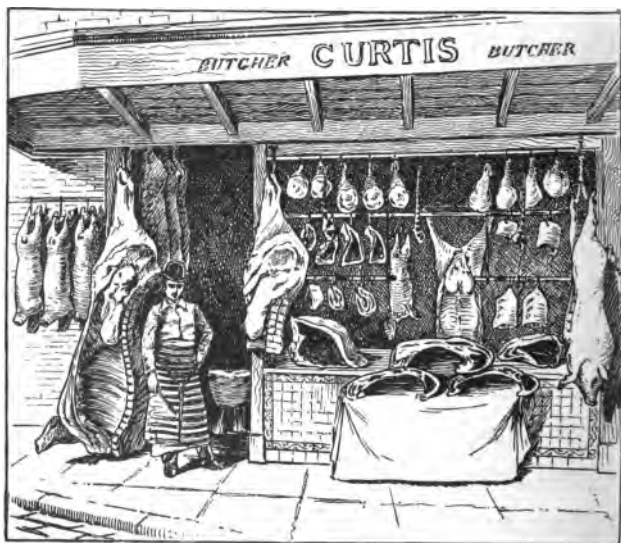
‘Mother,’ said Norah, as they were out shopping one day, ‘I have been thinking about the things we eat at meal-time. Nearly all of them come from plants of some sort. Milk, I know, comes from the cow ; and milk gives us butter and cheese, so of course I do not mean these things.’

‘Yes, dear,’ said her mother. ‘We call milk, butter, and cheese animal food, because they come from the cow. The cow, you know, is an animal.’

‘But if you try,’ she added, ‘I am

sure you will be able to think of some other animal food besides these.'

'Why, what a stupid little girl I am, mother,' said Norah. 'I was going to forget the meat which we have for



dinner. That must be animal food, for it is the flesh of the animals themselves.'

'I wonder whether you know what kind of meat we get from the butcher's shop,' said her mother.

‘We get beef, mutton, and pork,’ said Norah.

‘What animal gives us beef?’ asked mother.

‘The cow gives us beef,’ said Norah.

‘Quite true,’ said her mother. ‘Let us look in this butcher’s shop.’ And she pointed out a great side of beef, hanging up at the door of the shop. ‘That,’ she said, ‘is the whole of one side of the animal, Norah. I daresay you can point me out some small joints of beef, hanging on the hooks all round. You can always tell beef, because it looks red.

‘Do you know what animal this is?’ she asked again.

‘Yes, mother,’ Norah replied. ‘That is a sheep.’

‘What do we call the flesh of the sheep?’

‘We call it mutton. Isn’t that a leg of mutton in the window, mother?’

‘Yes, dear, it is,’ said mother; ‘and now, what animal gives us pork?’

‘Oh, the pig gives us pork,’ replied Norah. ‘But I can’t see a pig here, mother. Yes, there’s one ; I know it by its funny head and big ears.’

‘Quite right, dear,’ said mother, ‘and when the flesh of the pig is dried and cured it makes bacon and ham.’

‘But we don’t see bacon in the butcher’s shop. We go to another shop for that. Don’t we, mother?’

‘Quite right, dear,’ said mother. ‘Now look at this animal. It is a lamb—a little sheep ; and here, too, is another. This is a calf. A calf is a little cow. We call the flesh of the calf veal.’

‘But after all, how cruel it seems to kill these poor animals,’ said Norah.

Transcribe and learn.—Beef is the flesh of the cow. Mutton is the flesh of the sheep. The flesh of the pig gives pork, bacon, and ham. Veal is the flesh of the calf.

EGGS

One morning before breakfast Bobby came running in from the garden, in a

great hurry. As he came in he shouted 'Oh, mother, look, the hens have begun to lay again. I heard them making a noise, and I peeped in. See what I have got'; and he showed her two fine eggs.

'I am so glad,' he said again, 'because now I shall be able to have an egg for breakfast sometimes.'

Norah looked glad too, for, like her little brother, she was very fond of eggs. Then she began to think, and any one could tell she was thinking, by the look on her face.

'After a few moments she said, 'Are fowls animals, mother?'

'Yes, dear, of course they are,' said her mother.

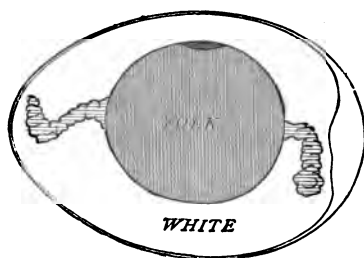
'Then, as the fowls lay eggs for us to eat,' she replied, 'I suppose we must call eggs another sort of animal food.'

'Yes, eggs are animal food,' said her mother, 'and very good food they are too.'

'Do you know why the hen lays eggs, Norah?'

‘She wants to sit on them, and hatch them, and then a new little chicken would come out of each egg,’ replied Norah. ‘Our hens had some little chickens in the Spring.’

‘Now watch while I break this egg in a cup,’ said mother. ‘You see that the inside of the egg is not all alike. There



is a round yellow ball in the middle, and that seems to float in something clear, like water.

‘There is a little of this clear watery stuff left in the shell. Put your finger to it, and tell me what you notice.’

‘I can soon find that it is not water, mother,’ she said, ‘for it is very sticky, it sticks to my fingers.’

‘You are quite right ; it is not water,’ said her mother, ‘although it looks so much like water. We will talk about it by and by. I want you now to look at the round yellow ball. We call this the yolk of the egg. Do you see that small round spot on it?’

‘Oh yes, mother,’ she said ; ‘what is that?’

‘That tiny spot, my dear,’ said mother, ‘would have grown into a chicken, if we had left the egg to be hatched. All the rest of the egg is simply a supply of food, to feed the tiny thing.’

She next turned the broken egg out of the cup into a basin of boiling water, and pointed out that the clear part, which looked so much like water, had got thick and solid, and white. It always does, when it is boiled. We call it the white of egg.

ANOTHER CHAT ABOUT EGGS

Norah and Bobby were out shopping with their mother one morning. As they passed the butter-man's shop, Norah pulled her mother's sleeve, and said, 'Look, mother, look ; what a lot of eggs there must be in all those boxes, and what a number of hens there must be to lay them all.'

'Yes, dear,' said her mother, 'and remember that they all would have become chickens, if the hens had sat upon them and hatched them.'

'I have been thinking over and over again, mother, about eggs and chickens, since our last chat,' said Norah. 'It does seem so wonderful that a little spot, like the one you showed me in the yolk of the egg, should grow into a real chicken.'

'Well, dear,' replied her mother, 'you saw that there was nothing inside the egg-shell, except the yellow yolk, and the clear, sticky stuff all round it.'

‘Now think of the little chick when it is hatched. You know it has a body, with flesh, bones, blood, beak, and feathers. Its little body is warm, and it has strength enough to run about, as



soon as it is out of the shell. Now where did it get all this from?’

‘I suppose it must have got it all from the food that was stored up in the egg,’ said Norah.

‘That’s right,’ said her mother, ‘and so it did.’

Just then Norah saw in the shop window a basket full of eggs, quite as big as those in the box, but instead of being white, they were a dull, pale, dirty-green colour.

‘Are these the same sort of eggs as those in the boxes, mother?’ she asked. ‘I never knew our hens at home to lay green eggs.’

‘They are not hens’ eggs at all, dear,’ replied her mother. ‘They are ducks’ eggs.’

‘And would little ducks come out of them, if they were hatched, mother?’ she asked again.

‘Yes, my dear, of course they would,’ said mother. ‘We don’t see many ducks’ eggs in the shops, because, as a rule, people don’t like them so well as hens’ eggs. Nearly all the ducks’ eggs are hatched, because people want the young ducks.’

Transcribe and learn.—Birds lay eggs. They hatch their young ones from the eggs. We eat the eggs of hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys. The round yellow ball inside the white of the egg is the yolk.

POULTRY

While they stood talking about the eggs, Bobby was looking very hard at



something on the board in front of the shop.

‘What are those funny things, mother?’ he asked at last.

‘Why, don’t you know what they are,

Bobby?' said Norah. 'They are ducks and geese. The big ones are the geese. Those are fowls on the other side, aren't they, mother?'

'Fowls!' said Bob; 'I never saw fowls like those.'

'No, dear,' said his mother. 'The fowls you see are alive and covered with feathers. These have been killed and plucked, ready for the table. Look at their heads, and you will soon see that they are real fowls.'

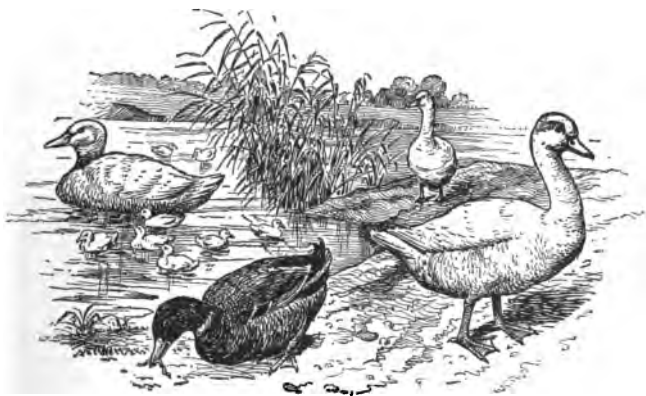
'Yes, and I know the others are ducks and geese,' said Norah, 'by their broad, flat, yellow bills.'

'Aunt Jane has some ducks and geese in the field at the back of her house. They are very pretty to look at, with their smooth white feathers, and I like to see them swimming in the pond. But I always thought them nasty dirty things.'

'Why?' asked her mother.

'They go into all the dirty, muddy

puddles they can find,' she replied. 'They seem to be quite happy when they are using their great, flat, yellow bills like shovels, to shovel up the thick mud.'



'Ah, dear,' said mother, 'that is quite right. These big birds are only trying to find worms in the mud. They don't eat the mud, but they are very fond of worms.'

'When I was down at Aunt Jane's last,' she added, 'I saw some very big heavy birds in the field, much bigger than the geese. They had a bright red face, with a long red top-knot, and they

gobbled and gobbled, making such a noise, as we went by.'

'Oh, I know, mother,' cried Norah ;
'you mean the turkeys. I did not go
near them ; I was afraid of them.'

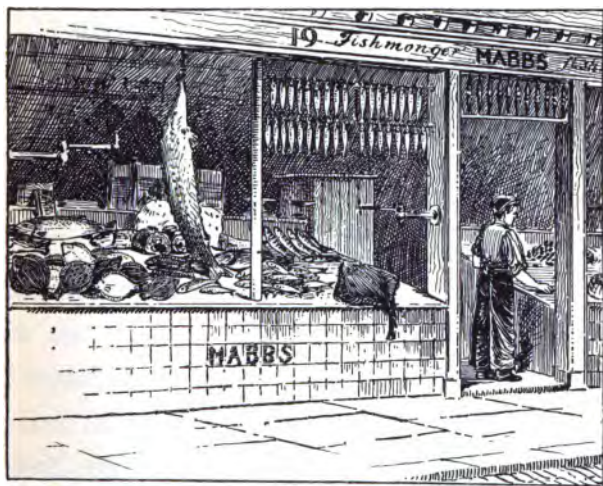


'Do you know, Norah,' said her
mother, 'that we call all these birds—
fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys—poultry?
They are killed for food, and very rich
food they make.'

Transcribe and learn.—Fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys, are called poultry. Ducks and geese swim in the water. They catch worms in the mud with their broad flat bills. Fowls and turkeys cannot swim.

THE FISH SHOP

‘There’s such a crowd round the big fish shop in the road, mother,’ said Norah as she ran in. ‘Mr. Mabbs has got such a great fish hanging up in the shop. The people are all staring at it, but they



don't seem to know what it is. While I stood there looking, a thought came into my head, and I ran home, as fast as I could, to ask you a question.'

‘Well, dear, what question do you want to ask me?’ replied her mother.

‘I want to know whether fishes are animals, mother, please,’ she said.

‘Oh yes, dear, fishes are animals, as well as birds, cows, sheep, and pigs.’

‘Then, of course, the fish which we eat for food,’ replied Norah, ‘is another sort of animal food. Isn’t it, mother?’

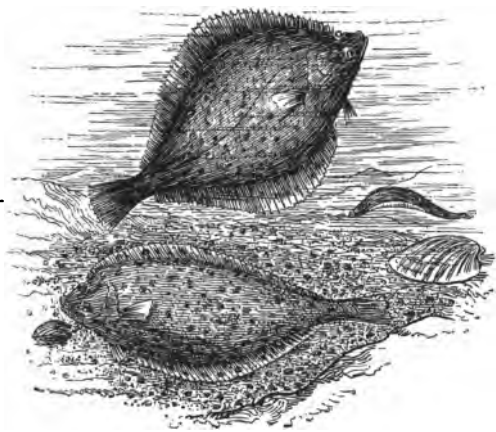
‘Yes, dear, you are quite right. By animal food we mean not only beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, milk, and poultry, but all kinds of fish. Fish makes good wholesome animal food.

‘I should like to see that big fish you were speaking about,’ she added, ‘so we will go round to the shop, and have a look at it, Norah,’ and off they started.

After seeing the big strange fish, Norah’s mother pointed out to her the other fish, of all sorts and sizes, lying on the marble slabs. There were herrings, mackerel, and I don’t know how many others.

‘Do you know where all these fish come from, Norah?’ she asked.

‘Oh yes, mother,’ she replied. ‘They all come from the sea. Teacher told us that men, called fisher-men, go out in



PLAICE.

large boats to catch the fish. Fish are made to live in the water. They could not live here, where we live. They die when they are taken out of the water.’

‘Quite right, dear,’ replied mother; ‘and now let us have another look at the fish on the slabs.

‘Here is a very funny fish. It is not

like a herring or a mack-er-el. Its body is quite flat, and one side of it is brown, the other white. It is called a plaice.

‘ When this fish is at home, it lies on the sand at the bottom of the sea, with its white side down, the brown side up. Its eyes are placed on the brown side of its head, so that it may see all around. It could not do so if one eye was buried in the sand. The sole, skate, flounder, and turbot are flat-fish too.’

Transcribe and learn.—Fishes live in the sea. Fishermen go out in boats to catch them. Fish makes good wholesome food. Most fishes have long round bodies, like the herring and mackerel. Some fish have broad flat bodies. These live on the sand, at the bottom of the sea.

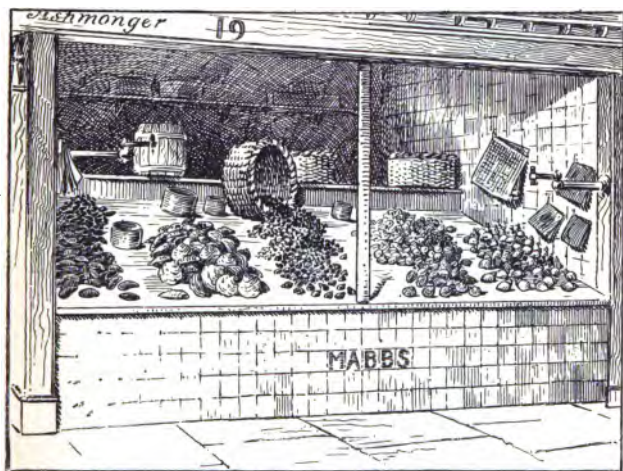
SHELL-FISH

When Norah had got over her surprise about the flat-fish, she pulled her mother by the sleeve, for she wanted to look at something on the other side of the shop.

‘ Look, mother,’ she said, ‘ I know the names of all these ’ ; and she pointed to heaps of oysters, mussels, cockles, winkles, and whelks, piled up on the slab.

‘Do you know where these all came from, Norah?’ asked her mother, in reply.

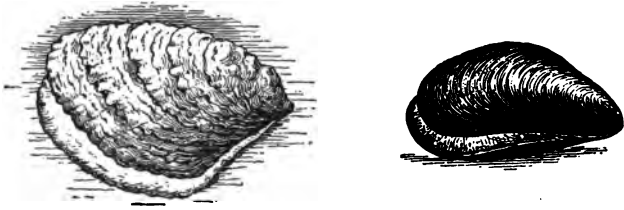
‘Yes, mother,’ she said, ‘they all came out of the sea. We often call them shell-fish, because they have a shell to live



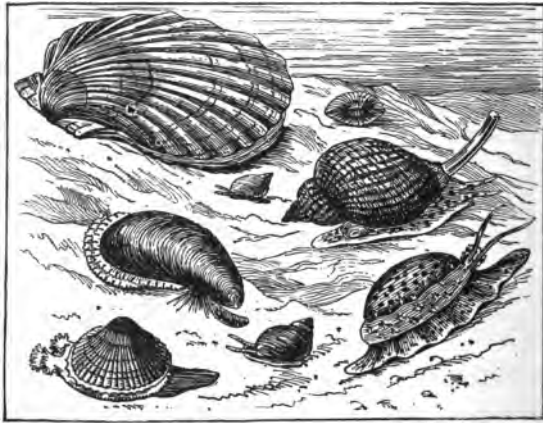
in. But teacher says it is not right to call them fish. Although they live in the water they are not fish at all.’

‘Do you see, Norah,’ said her mother, ‘the oyster, mussel, and cockle have a double shell? The two shells are joined together on one side, by a sort of hinge,

so that these little animals can open and shut up their houses, as they wish.



‘The shell of the winkle and the



whelk is all in one piece. It does not open and shut.’

‘When you called them animals just now, mother,’ said Norah, ‘I could not help feeling sorry for them.’

‘Why, dear?’ asked her mother.

‘Well, mother, I was thinking that, with those heavy shells to carry about, they would not be able to move very far. I suppose they must always lie on the bottom of the sea. How dreadful!’

‘You are not far from right in what you say, dear,’ said her mother. ‘Their heavy shells must of course keep these animals at the bottom of the sea.’

‘The oysters, mussels, and cockles do really lie, either on the sandy bottom, or on the rocks, and you may be sure they do not move far. But the winkles and whelks can move about, although not very quickly.’

‘You have often seen a snail crawling along. You know that as

it crawls, its body is half out of its shell.



SLUG AND SNAIL.

It crawls along slowly on the broad under part of its body, which we call its foot.

‘Winkles and whelks are very much like snails, only they live at the bottom of the sea. We might call them sea-snails.’

Transcribe and learn. — Oysters, mussels, cockles, winkles, and whelks, are sometimes called shell-fish. But they are not real fish, although they live in the sea. They are the same sort of animals as the snail that crawls in the garden.

NORAH AND BOBBY AT THE SEA-SIDE

It was the warm summer time, and father and mother, Norah and Bobby, went to spend a week by the sea.

I could not tell you what the feelings of our two little ones were, when they looked, for the first time, on the great wide stretch of water.

They watched the great ships, as they sailed by, and one day they went for a sail themselves with father and mother, in a pretty boat.

I think they were a little bit afraid once, when the waves tossed their boat up and down. But they were all right

again, as soon as they got out of the boat, and then they went for a scamper on the sands, with their shoes and stockings off, and their clothes tucked up to keep them dry.

Bobby made some reins with a piece of string, and played at sea-horses with his sister, till they were tired.

Then they went back to father and mother, who were sitting on the sands reading.

Each of them had a pretty wooden spade, and a little tin pail, and they amused themselves for a long time, making a big castle in the sand.

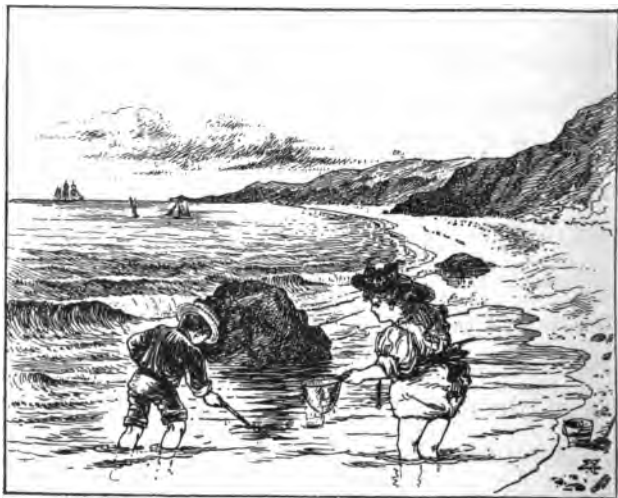
They dug out a big dock round their castle, and a long narrow canal leading to it. They let the water into the canal, and by and by it filled the dock.

Then Bob got his pretty boat, with its white sails, and sailed it in the dock.

The little boat was sailing along bravely, but all at once a great wave came, and swept away castle, dock and

all. The children, them-selves, could hardly jump away in time to save their clothes from getting wet.

While this had been going on, father had made them two shrimping nets, with



a piece of wire and some muslin. He tied the nets to two long sticks, and then Bobby and Norah went shrimping.

You should have seen them walking along, up to their knees in the water, with their nets in one hand, and their little pails in the other.

Every now and then, they made a bob with the nets to catch the nimble little shrimps, as they darted quickly to and fro, in the sandy pools on the shore.

They had great trouble to keep their feet, as the waves came rolling in. But they were lucky enough to catch quite a little heap of shrimps, and when they got home, mother boiled them for their tea.

SHRIMPS, CRABS, AND LOBSTERS

The next morning, before break-fast, father took Norah and Bobby out to see the fishing boats come in.

When they got to the sea-shore, they saw the boats land, one by one, and they thought it was a fine sight.

Norah and Bob were very much struck with some strange-looking baskets, which were handed out of the boats. Father told them that these baskets are called creels. The fisher-men let the creels down into the water at night, and leave

them there, to see what they can catch. In the morning they pull them up again.

‘Go and look at those three, that the men have just brought in, Norah,’ he said. ‘Perhaps you will be able to tell me what they have caught.’



Norah went, and Bob with her.

They soon came running back, and Norah said, ‘The men have got such funny things in those baskets, father.

‘Look,’ she said, when they again stood in front of the creels, ‘I should

almost think they were crabs and lobsters, only they are not red, and I know crabs and lobsters are always red.'



LOBSTER.

'Ah, my child,' said father, 'you should never be too sure. Those things are



CRAB.

really crabs and lobsters, although they are not red.

‘Those you see in the shops at home are red ; but that is only because they have been boiled. They were not always red. They were the same colour as these, before they were put into the boiling water.

‘These baskets which the men let down into the sea, to catch them, are sometimes called lobster-pots.’

Just then the men from the shrimping boats landed some large baskets filled with shrimps. They were all ‘leaping alive oh’ in the baskets ; but they were not pink and brown as



SHRIMP.

Norah had always seen them in the shops, and, of course, she wanted to know why.

‘Do you so soon forget, dear?’ asked father. ‘What did mother do with the little shrimps you caught with your nets?’

‘How very stupid I am to forget,’ said

Norah. 'They changed colour when mother boiled them. So I suppose these will do the same when they are boiled.'

'Yes, they will,' said her father. 'Do you see those very large fine shrimps in the basket? They are called prawns.'

'Shrimps, prawns, crabs, and lobsters, like other things that live in the water, are animals ; so their flesh, too, gives us animal food.'

Transcribe and learn.—Shrimps, prawns, crabs, and lobsters live in the sea. But they are not real fish. They are the spiders of the sea. Crabs and lobsters are caught in traps called creels. They turn red when they are boiled.

BY THE SEA

There are two pair of tiny pink feet on
the sands,

Paddling about in the sea ;
There's dear little baby, and sweet sister
May,

Not very much older than he.

But see what a dear, careful sister she is,
Holding his chubby, red hands.

With spades, and with pails, and their
clothes tucked up high,
How happy they are on the sands !

See them now, as they scamper, with
mother behind,
All fearful lest baby should fall ;
But May is a dear little mother herself,
So gentle with baby through all.

Their scamper is o'er ; see them now
hard at work,
What castles they build in the sand,
They ply spade and pail, just watch how
they toil,
Till the big waves roll in on the land.

And then there's a rush, and father runs
up,
And catches them both in his arms ;
He places them down far away from the
waves,
Where now they're quite safe from
alarms.

A BASKET OF VEGETABLES

On their return home from the sea, father and mother made up their minds to break their journey, so that they might spend a day or two with Aunt Jane in the country.



As the train rushed on, Norah could only think of the pretty bees in Aunt Jane's garden. She kept saying to herself, 'I wonder how they all are, and whether they have made plenty of honey.'

Well, they got there at last, and the very first morning, after breakfast, Uncle Sam said, 'I am going to get the veg-et-ables for dinner. Would you little ones like to come with me?'

Norah and Bob did not want to be



asked twice, and away they both trotted at his side. As they went along Norah said, 'Have you far to go to your shop, uncle?'

'No, dear,' said Uncle Sam, 'not very far: but wait while I get my spade.'

‘What can uncle want with a spade, when he is going to get the veg-et-ables for dinner?’ they asked one another. ‘Mother does not take a spade with her when she goes to the green-grocer’s.’

Uncle Sam did not give them long to think. Instead of going out through the gate into the road, he led the way into the garden, with the spade in one hand, and a big basket in the other.

‘Now, children,’ he said, ‘this is my shop. What veg-et-ables shall we have?’

‘We must have some potatoes,’ said Norah.

‘Very well,’ said Uncle Sam, ‘suppose we begin with potatoes. I think I can get some good ones in my shop.’

He dug his spade into the ground, and you should have seen the children’s faces, when he turned up a spit of real potatoes. It seemed to them like a fairy tale, and they opened their eyes wider and wider, as he kept turning up more and more potatoes with his spade.

‘Now,’ he said, ‘some carrots and turnips next,’ and he led the way to another part of the garden. There he thrust in his spade as before, and turned up three or four large carrots, and half-a-dozen fine turnips.

‘I wish we had a shop like yours, uncle,’ said Bob, ‘where we could go and get our veg-et-ables for nothing like this,’ and Uncle Sam laughed.

‘Come along,’ he said, ‘I think aunty wants a cabbage and a few onions.’

As they walked along, he took out his knife, and the next minute he had chosen a fine cabbage, cut it off at the stalk, and put it into the basket.

Lastly, he went to the onion bed, pulled a few onions up by the roots, and put them in the basket.

‘Come along, children,’ he said, ‘I’ve done my shopping now.’

PEAS AND BEANS

‘I am going out to my shop again, to get some veg-et-ables for dinner,’ said Uncle Sam next morning. ‘You may come and pick the peas and beans, while I dig up the potatoes. Would you like that?’

‘Oh yes, uncle, that we should,’ cried Norah and Bob at once.

‘Then come along,’ said he. ‘Aunty will give you a couple of baskets to put the peas and beans in’; and he led the way into the garden.

He pointed out two or three fine rows of scarlet runners, growing up sticks. They looked very gay with their bright red blossoms, and there were plenty of beans on them too.

‘Now, Norah dear,’ said he, ‘you shall pick the beans. Be sure and pick only the young green pods; don’t pick any that look old like these,’ and he pointed out a few as he spoke.

‘My peas, Bob,’ said he, ‘are nearly all done. But still I think we shall get enough for dinner to-day. You had better go along both sides of the rows, and pick all you can find. And now I’ll go and dig up the potatoes.’

Uncle Sam was done first, so back he came with the potatoes in his basket, to help the children.

‘I wonder whether they will like a few broad beans,’ he said. ‘We may as well take them in a few’; and he went to the place where the broad beans were growing, and began to pick some.

‘Now I think we shall have enough,’ said he, ‘so let us go in.’

Our two little children, used to a town life, thought this was all very grand. When they had put down their baskets on the kitchen table, Norah said, ‘There, aunty, we have been to uncle’s shop again. I hope you will be pleased with what we have brought. May I help you

get the things ready for dinner? I often help mother at home.'

'Yes, dear, you shall,' said Aunt Jane with a smile. 'Let me see; we have peas and potatoes, and two sorts of beans. I expect I had better peel the potatoes myself. You, of course, know how to shell the peas?'

'Oh yes, aunty,' said Norah, and they both set to work.

She let Norah take the big broad beans, and the peas, and shell them into a basin, but she herself cut up the scarlet beans. That was too much to expect a little girl to do.

Transcribe and learn.—Potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbages, onions, peas, and beans are called vegetables. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, and parsnips are dug out of the ground. A cabbage is made of leaves. Peas and beans are the seed-pods.

SALT

Norah was very busy. She never left her aunt's side that morning. She was so proud to show aunty that she was learning to be a useful little woman.

At last, when all was done, aunty said, 'I think we will put the vegetables on now, dear, and after that you shall help me lay the cloth for dinner.'

So the veg-et-ables were put into the



sauce-pans, and stood over the fire ; and then began the work of laying the dinner-table in the parlour.

All at once aunty said, 'Haven't we forgotten something, dear? Go into the kitchen, and you will see some pieces of salt on the table. I laid them there,

and quite forgot to put them into the sauce-pans. We must not cook our veg-et-ables without salt you know.'

Away ran Norah ; but somehow, in her haste to get back, she missed the potato sauce-pan al-together, and put a double quantity of salt into the beans.

Well, dinner-time came, and they all sat down. They had hardly begun dinner, when Uncle Sam said, 'What's the matter with the beans to-day?'

Aunty took some and tasted them, but, in a moment, she made a very wry face, and said, 'Why, they are as salt as brine. We cannot eat them,' and she looked at poor Norah.

She, poor little girl, began to feel that it was her doing. The tears welled up into her eyes, and she burst out crying, for she saw she had spoiled their dinner.

'Come, my little woman,' said Uncle Sam, in his cheery voice, 'don't cry. Worse things happen than that. If the

beans are spoiled, we have plenty of other things, so never mind.'

'I must have put too much salt in the beans, and none in the potatoes,' she sobbed. 'I am so sorry, uncle.'

Sure enough, that was it. The potatoes were not nice, because they had been cooked without any salt, and the beans could not be eaten, because they had too much salt. Poor little girl! When Uncle Sam and aunty found this was the case, they laughed again, and were all the merrier.

'Here, my dear,' said uncle, 'put a little salt on your plate, to eat with your potatoes, and then we will laugh at all such troubles as these.'

That, after all, was the best way to look at things, and what with Uncle Sam's hearty jokes, and the kind way in which they all made light of her mishap, the little woman soon forgot her trouble and began to be merry again. But she had learnt a good lesson about salt.

SALT—WHAT IT IS

The next day father, mother, and the children had to return home, and Uncle



Sam and Aunt Jane went with them to the railway station to see them off.

‘Don’t forget the salt, Norah,’ shouted Uncle Sam, just as the train was steam-

ing out of the station ; and this time they all laughed, for they looked upon the whole thing now as a joke.

‘I don’t think I shall be likely to forget it,’ said Norah to her father.

‘Well, dear,’ said he, ‘it was a sharp lesson for you, but a good one. We could not do without salt ; we should soon become very ill, if we could get none. But we must not have too much even of a good thing.

‘All animals as well as ourselves,’ he added, ‘want salt to keep them well.

‘If you had looked in the manger, in Uncle Sam’s stable, you would have seen a lump of smooth, shiny, brown stuff, almost as hard as stone.’

‘Oh, I did see it, father,’ said Norah. ‘I took it in my hands and tried to make out what it was, but I couldn’t.’

‘If you had put your tongue to it, you would soon have found out,’ said her father. ‘It is salt ; and because it looks so much like a stone, we call it rock-salt.

It is placed in the manger to keep the pony well. He licks off just as much as he wants, from time to time.

‘Why, even the wild animals of the forest seem to know that they must have salt, and they often go many many miles to find it for themselves.’

‘But how do they find it, father? What is this salt? Why is our salt on the table white, if rock-salt is brown?’

‘One question at a time, dear, please,’ said father. ‘First of all, salt is really a kind of rock, like stone, chalk, and slate. Like them, too, it is found in the earth, but it does not grow there; it is not a plant. We call it a mineral. This rock-salt is mostly found in great beds or layers, which stretch for miles underground. But in some places it is found lying on the surface of the ground. Some day I will tell you how we get our white salt for the table.’

‘Think for a moment, dear, how useful salt is,’ he went on.

‘We put salt with our food at every meal, because we do not like the taste of our food without it. You know we must put some salt with the flour and yeast to make bread.

‘Mother even puts a pinch of salt in the Christmas plum-puddings and cakes.

‘Then think how useful salt is for salting meat and fish. Bacon and ham are only the flesh of the pig salted and dried; but they will keep good for a very long time. Meat of any kind would soon go bad if it were not salted.’

‘Isn’t it lucky, father,’ said Norah, ‘that salt is so nice, since we cannot do without it?’

‘Yes, dear, it is,’ replied father, with a teasing twinkle in his eye. ‘Salt is very nice indeed, when we don’t put too much into the sauce-pan.’

Transcribe and learn.—Salt is a mineral. It is got out of the earth. Rock-salt is like a hard, brown, shiny stone. All animals must have salt to keep them well. We use salt with all our food. We could not do without it. We do not like the taste of our food without salt. We use it to salt meat and fish, to keep them from going bad.



